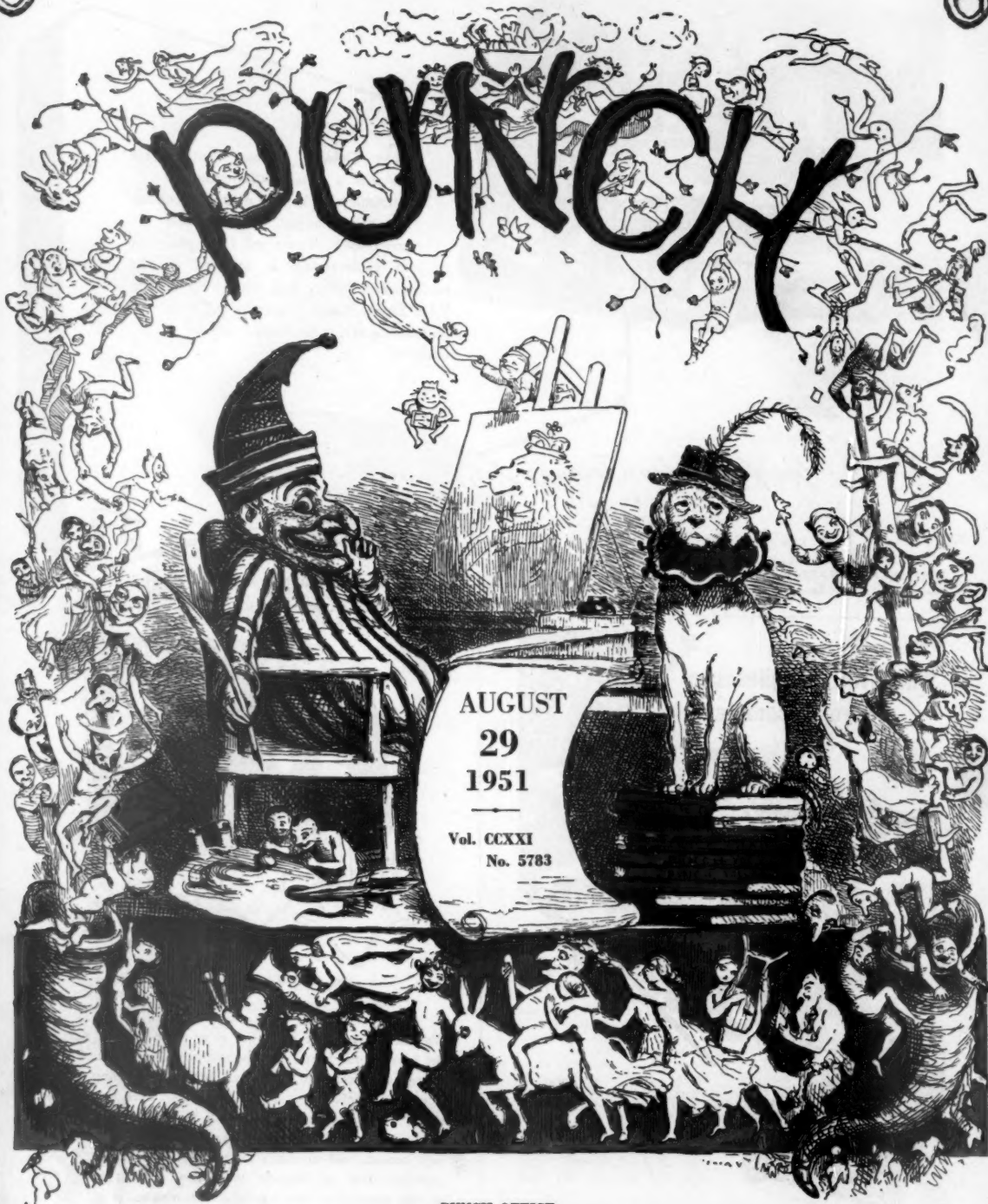
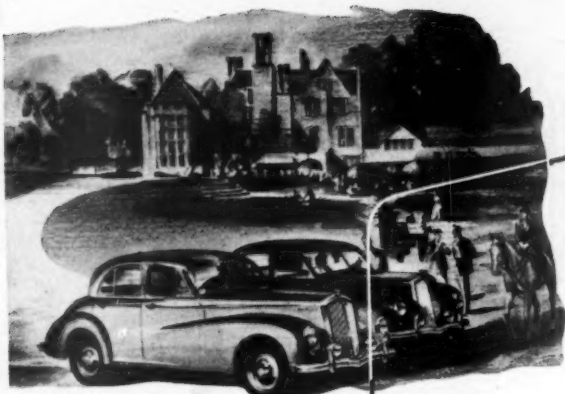


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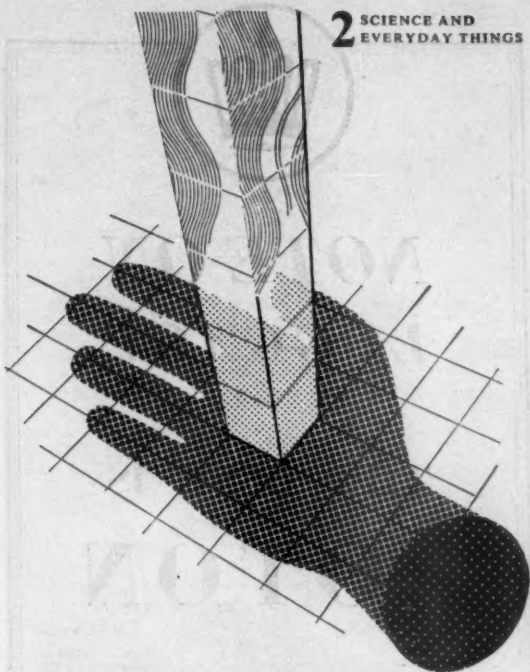


Watch the blackboard
while I run through it again.

We did not know it then, but those were halcyon days in the lower third. Mirth sat expectantly in the air, despite the horrors of Virgil and Euclid and bed at eight-thirty. They were irresponsible days too, when shoes were comfortable things we kicked stones with. It's a pity we had to give most of it up. Our feet still appreciate the comfort that isn't noticed, but in man's estate they need the smartness that is. Happily these two qualities are well matched in those comfort-in-action shoes by

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2 SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY THINGS



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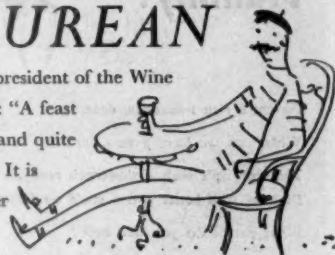
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Perhaps with better petrol she'd go faster.

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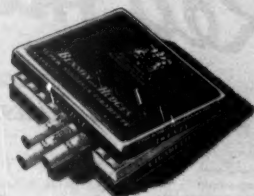
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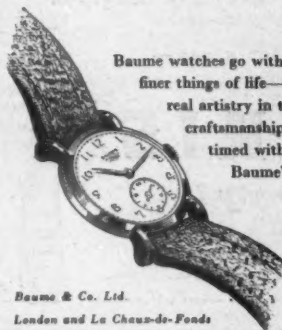
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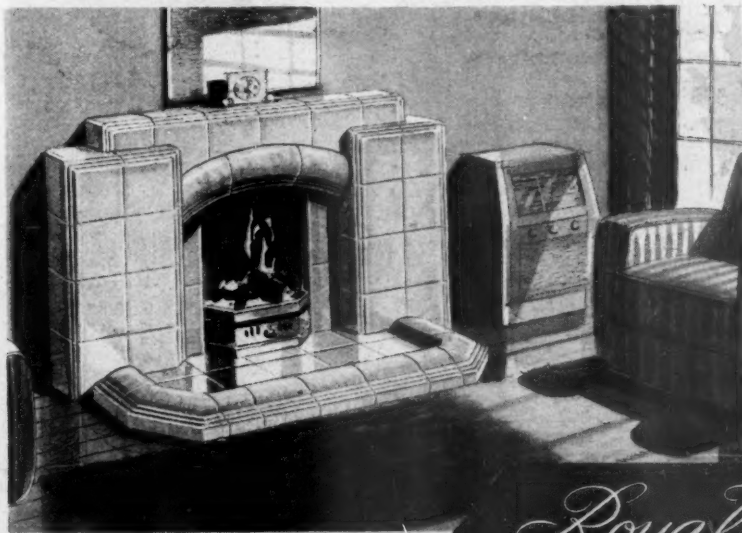


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CHARIVARIA

THE mounting of the King's Life Guard in Whitehall on foot recently has been necessitated by repairs to their stables and not, as has been rumoured, by a dispute with the other North Atlantic powers over the introduction of a new-pattern horse.

It is suggested that greatly increased charges should be made for people who use electricity for cooking and heating during peak hours. The difficulty would be to find anyone using electricity for anything during peak hours.

An American visitor finds Scottish shooting boxes much less pretentious than those in his own country. Mere potting sheds, in fact.

"MALAYA DROPS TIN TAX PLAN"
"Sunday Times"

Less fear of inflation in rubber, then?



"In the Lothians there were several heavy showers, but good bags are expected later. The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party of nine guns got 53 braces."
"Daily Telegraph"

They should help to keep up the bags.



As a result of Italian economic pressure the near-Communist republic of San Marino has at last agreed to close down its Casino. Which shows what may happen to those who plunge too heavily on rouge.

"And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?"—Henry VI, Part III, Act V, Sc. 2.

Birmingham papers please answer.



London waiters are seeking to publicize the fact that their average tips are far from excessive. It will be interesting to see what they think appropriate in the way of a hand-out.



"He is an unusual mixture of hard-headed business man and creative artist. Age, just turned 40, clean-shaven, with dark-brown hair and light-brown eyes and six feet. And a bachelor."—"Weekly News"
Well, think of darned all those socks.

A WILD WAVE'S SAYING

"AND how did you become a Channel swimmer?" I asked, turning to Frinkle.

"It was my mother," said Frinkle. "I remember the first bathing suit she knitted me. My name and address were embroidered on the side in case I swam so far that the family couldn't be bothered to wait for me to come back."

"My guiding genius was an old man on the sands at Tower Bridge," said Pinch. "'See that 'ere horizon,' he'd say to me, indicating the funnels and masts of the Wapping skyline, 'that 'ere's France. And do you know the only way I can get there?' 'How?' I would ask. 'Swimming,' said the old man. It happened day after day. I think it gave me a fixation."

"It was the grease that started me," said Wallingham. "My father used to deal with a whale-oil wholesaler, and every year he sent us a barrel of blubber as a Christmas box. We had to use it somehow."

"Do you use blubber?" I asked. "A little old-fashioned, don't you think?"

"What's good enough for a whale is good enough for me," said Wallingham, smugly. "What do you use?"

"Petroleum jelly," I said. "Always."

"Don't you think that's a trifle short-sighted?" asked Frinkle. "With the oil situation as it is—"

"Shortsighted and unpatriotic," said Pinch. "Every time you cross, you export vast quantities of petroleum jelly. Have you considered that?"

"A large amount of it is dissipated in the water," I argued. "I often find that when I land on the French shore I've hardly enough on me to oil a bicycle."

"Waste not, want not," said Wallingham, patronizingly. "I'm glad to be able to say that I can afford to jettison used grease."

"I usually land by Cap Gris Nez," said Pinch. "Bad country for bicycles."

"The pebbles," said Frinkle, understandingly.

"I don't know," said Wallingham. "There's a little place just further down where I land when the tide-race is strong, where there's a lovely beach."

"Tide-race?" I asked. "What tide-race?"

"Can't say I've ever noticed it either," said Frinkle. "But then, I'm a powerful swimmer."

"The Channel's a bit crowded this season," said Wallingham, affecting not to hear. "The other week I had to cruise off Folkestone for three-quarters of an hour before getting permission to land."

"It's the Egyptians," said Pinch. "Hundreds of them. Sometimes you can hardly see the water for fezzes."

"Why do they all come over here?" I asked.

"Too many Englishmen in the Suez Canal," said Wallingham. "They like to get away from it all."

"Anybody having a crack at a record this year?" asked Frinkle.

"I'm having motor-boat trouble," said Pinch. "Otherwise—"

"I did a pretty little fourteen hours the other day," I announced. "Of course, I was lucky with the water."

"Not bad," said Frinkle. "I'm practising a new stroke—want to get down to eleven and a half hours before 1953."

"I don't believe in rushing things," said Wallingham. "I swim for enjoyment."

"Good Lord!" he added suddenly, and glanced at his watch. "I really must dive off—a fitting for my autumn trunks. Anybody coming Savile Row way?"

We shook our heads.

"See you in the water, then." He sprinted for the door.

"Exhibitionist," said Frinkle, sourly.

POETS AT THE FESTIVAL

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HE VISITS THE LION AND THE UNICORN

XI

I PASS'd beside the mimic Hall
Where screen and pictur'd model bear
The greetings down from year to year,
From festival to festival;

And linger'd, lost in thought, and stood
To watch the shadows, strangely dim,
Of her the perfect Queen, and him
Whose heart was pure, whose life was good.

So, musing, took my doubtful way,
And in the brief Impermanent
I saw that lasting temple, meant
To fill with song another day;

And found, before the fleeting morn
Had turn'd to quiet afternoon,
Nor sadly late, nor yet too soon,
The Lion and the Unicorn.

XII

I mused, "Have Fact and Fancy grown
So level in their envious might
That victors in an equal fight,
They both divide the ancient crown?"

The walls made answer, trophy-hung,
And all the shades of Freedom laugh'd
Through robe, and rod, and careful craft,
And accents of the mother tongue.

And, witness to this happy creed
Of light and earnest, grave and gay,
Fantastic in his bold array
The Knight upon his crazy steed

In strange, lugubrious splendour sat,
Where in admiring wonder, I
Ponder'd awhile on how and why,
And idly mus'd on this and that.

G. H. VALLINS



GROUND BAIT

"Look, Anthony—they must know something."



"We hope you'll come and trample the grapes."

GRINDLE ON DAMS

THE snapshot showed a rear view of Babshaw on an apparently deserted beach. An obviously artificial pool was near his feet; with a child's spade he was busily damming a stream trickling from behind a rock. Babshaw leaned across the compartment and examined the snapshot upside down.

"That's one I didn't mean to show anybody," he said.

Grindle took it from me, glanced and grunted: "So I should think. It reveals your incompetence."

"It was a very good dam," Babshaw protested.

"No doubt," said Grindle, handing back the photograph. "Where was your child, though?"

Babshaw looked uncomfortable. "As a matter of fact," he began, but Grindle checked him with a typical airy gesture.

"The pleasure in seaside dam-building," he said, "stems from the joy of adapting Nature to one's own ends. One must of course have ends in view."

"Quite," said Babshaw, "that's why it's so useful——"

"Having children," Grindle finished for him. "Exactly. The

single man"—he glanced across at Timpson—"goes on to a beach when the tide is ebbing and finds pools overflowing in profusion. It is chaos. It shrieks aloud for an orderly system of dams. Yet what can he do?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Nothing," echoed Grindle, and the three of us gazed pityingly at Timpson, whose bachelor holidays are wrapped in mystery. Grindle sighed heavily and went on: "He could, of course, seize a spade from some child busy on some lopsided triviality with sand-pies and go to work. But that would lay him open to derision and recrimination."

"He could take his own spade," suggested Babshaw. "When I was single——"

Timpson looked up from his paper.

"You took your own spade?" he asked.

"No," Babshaw admitted, "but I often wished I had." Timpson returned to his paper and Grindle gathered the reins into his own hands again.

"When one is accompanied by a child there are no obstacles. Once the family has settled down and the child has seized its spade, you turn on the propaganda."

"A paddle," I said, "would be fun, but the tide is such a long way——"

"And if we paddled in this pool we might splash mummy," Babshaw cut in dreamily.

"And so," said Grindle, "we have the child started on a new pool fed from the one near its mother. The strategy thus far has been elementary. One starts, of course, by advising the child what to do."

We nodded.

"But," he went on, "there comes a time when a young child finds itself overwhelmed by the forces of Nature. Its petty dams crumble before the mounting flood. Leaks became raging torrents. Soon there comes an appealing look. What father could ignore it? We seize the spade and rush to the rescue."

"Huzzah!" murmured Timpson behind his paper.

"Of course," said Grindle after

a disapproving glance in his direction, "there is always the problem of maintaining the child's interest. This is where Babshaw obviously fails."

"I was working happily," said Babshaw gloomily, "and giving a running commentary. It was some time before I found my daughter had deserted me for a stranded crab and people were laughing."

"Listen," said Grindle. "The thing to do is—make the child think its help is needed. It requires careful observation and timing. At the first sign of wavering interest one should arrange for a small disaster to impend."

Babshaw and I raised our eyebrows at him.

"I always build my main dam," said Grindle importantly, "of that very squishy type of sand that leaks. You scoop it out of a small pool nearby. A dam like that can't stand for long if a child is encouraged to paddle in the pool really vigorously."

"With perhaps a little help, a small overflow can be arranged. The child's help is sought in stopping it."

"I must try that next year," said Babshaw.

"So must I," I said. "My system is beginning to wear thin—claiming to be tired of the whole thing. They always beg you to go on. They don't want to be deserted, even though they're preparing to desert you because they're bored."

"Children," pronounced Grindle

"are strange creatures. They don't seem to appreciate the beauty of dams."

"But," he added, "with patience the appreciation can be developed."

Timpson folded his paper and rose from his seat to get his briefcase from the rack.

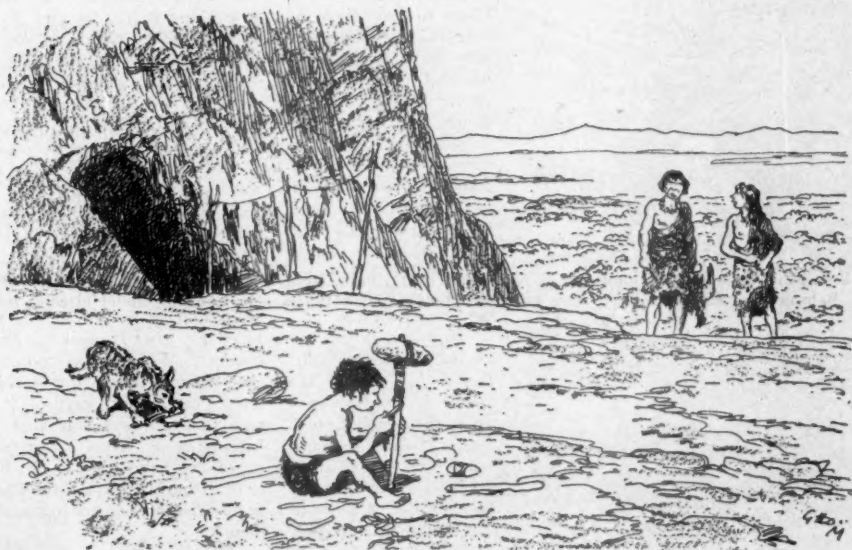
"It takes thirty or forty years, though," he said.

THE UNPUNCTUAL ONE

THE time is ripe, if not yet over-ripe,
And I must sally forth and play my part.
There is a noble stir about the mart;
Shall I sit idly by and smoke a pipe,
While buxom girls go hurrying off to type
And the unwearied coster mounts his cart?
Stout plumbers bend to their mysterious art,
And duster-bearing housewives prowl, and wipe

The dust of evening from the polished day,
Nor pause to stare upon the wakening sun;
See how the driver flogs his onward dray,
Nor marks the trickle from his leaking tun!
And all the world to business takes its way,
Save I, the dreaming and the idle one.

R. P. LISTER



"I think he's beginning to notice girls."



FESTIVAL OF PARIS

THEY order, said I, this matter better in France . . .

While all England commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the year 1851, Paris celebrates its two-thousandth birthday. Do they, in fact, order this matter any better than we? To an Englishman, the very fact of being in Paris, where he can buy a drink at any hour of the twenty-four and consume it comfortably in a chair beneath a sun-umbrella, imparts something of a festive sensation—a sensation he may or may not approve of, depending on his attitude towards the Continental Way

of Life, which permits Sunday horse-racing and the sale of postage-stamps by tobacconists. Without intending any belittlement of our own Festival authorities, one must confess that almost anything in the way of colour or gaiety which is grafted on to London will give the impression of high festival, for London is normally a solemn, workaday place where pleasure, when it is admitted, is taken in dark places and dark clothes.

But Paris—what can you do to Paris to show the world that you are *en fête*?

One thing the *Comité de Coordination des Fêtes de Paris* has not done, and wisely, is to give the *Bimillénaire* celebrations a focus. There is nothing in the nature of a South Bank, except of course the *Riv' Gau'*, which is South Bank geographically but S.W.3 in most other ways. Paris has perhaps learnt its lesson, a previous affair in 1889—one of those exhibitions, no doubt, at which gold medals were awarded to the manufacturers of sauce—having landed it with the thousand-foot iron girder in the Champ de Mars which now seems likely to stay there for ever (where at least it may serve as an awful warning when the future of the Skylon and the Dome of Discovery is considered). At any rate, there is no kind of permanent structure marking Paris's *Bimillénaire*, unless you count *La Petite Hutte*, which is shortly due for its fifteen-hundredth performance at the time of writing.

However, it was not for risk of another Eiffel Tower that I said the *Comité de Coordination*—whose distinguished president is M. Jules Romains—had been wise to avoid a "festival site" for the *Bimillénaire*. A place of that kind sucks into itself all the festive feeling, and there is nothing left to enliven the rest of the

City. Battersea and the South Bank are splendid; but where are the saturnalia of Brixton, of Notting Hill Gate, of Hornsey Rise—of Piccadilly, even? Search as you will, you will find nothing gayer than the Chelsea Bun Shop in Sloane Square, which closes at eight and where you have to serve yourself.

But in Paris the festival is city-wide; you feel it in the air from the Bois de Boulogne to Vincennes, from Montmartre to Montparnasse. I don't mean the flood-lighting, or the rather inadequate little banners with which a few streets have decorated themselves; I mean a general air of celebration that we in our capital, spread we never so many fresh coats of paint on our park railings, have not on the whole achieved because we feel the shadow of the great Official Fun by the river.

The *Bimillénaire* programme, as promulgated by the City authorities, lasts from April to December. The original deviser of the celebration is M. Jean Marin, a film writer; and Paris gave him not £12,000,000 to spend but £60,000. To some extent, just as we have prefixed the word "Festival" to almost everything to try to give it that special 1951 feeling ("Festival Regatta," "Festival Baby Show," "Festival Race Meeting" and so on until you wonder why there are no Festival Strikes at the docks or Festival Sessions at the Old Bailey), so the *Bimillénaire* has taken over much that doesn't seem at first sight to have much to do with the celebrations in question. A liner-cruise to Norway in July, for instance, and later the *Quinzaine de la Laine organisée par "International Wool Secretariat"*, are both billed as "*sous la signe du Bimillénaire*." Well, it may indeed be that by mid-July many Parisians felt the need to get away from it all; and who can say but that the International Wool Secretariat might not have gone to Bradford or to Sydney, N.S.W., if the *Comité de Coordination* had not approached them?

Relevant or not, the list of events is extensive and eclectic. As in London, there is a profusion of





music; there seems to be a *concours hippique* almost every day; there are exhibitions of flowers and fountains and fireworks and glass and porcelain and aircraft; there is—was—a *Journée Montgolfier* in which a replica of Montgolfier's famous balloon triumphantly took the air; and of course there are cycle-races. How they love cycling, the French! In the same issue of *Le Journal de Dimanche* which reported Malik's proposals for a Korean cease-fire, the result of the Le Mans motor-races, the disqualification of Sugar Ray Robinson in Berlin and the decision (if my French is all I think it is) of MM. Touchagues and Ulmer to associate themselves with two ancient dentists and a man-orchestra to give to women a "grammar of beauty," Bobet's victory in the *Championnat de France* rated about a page and a half.

Artistically the most ambitious event of the season was the presentation of the *Vray Mistère de la Passion* on the *parvis* before Notre

Dame. A vast stand, capable of holding six thousand spectators, was erected in the square, and on a raised dais before the cathedral the story of the Passion was acted by a thousand performers in the light of torches and coloured illuminations, while music was relayed from the cathedral organ.

A week previous to this, in somewhat lighter vein, there was the *Kermesse aux Etoiles*, a kind of Theatrical Garden Party, in the Tuileries gardens. This gay affair went on for three solid days. There was music and dancing—"dancing in the streets," that ultimate horror of the puritan, who cannot get the Carmagnole out of his mind—and there were *Mistinguett* and the girls of the *Folies Bergère* and a police escort for Jean Marais when his admirers threatened to mob him. Also tanks; for the French, like us, know well the Army's decorative potentialities.

Indeed, at the great fair at the

Invalides which signalized the date chosen for the actual anniversary celebration—I say chosen, because as far as I know the date, July 8, is purely arbitrary—there were not only tanks but a Bailey bridge over the Seine and five military bands, including our own Highland Light Infantry. This *fête* marked the climax, though not the end, of the rejoicings, and the dancing in the streets went on until daybreak. In the Existentialist cafés around St. Germain des Prés, it is said, even the plain-clothes policemen searching for missing British diplomats took the night off and joined in the fun. It is perhaps significant that it was just a week after this that the *paquebot* was due to make its Scandinavian cruise. . . .

Paris—and again this may have been due to there having been no specific "festival site"—has made better use of its historical buildings than we. The *grands eaux* at St. Cloud, the combined fountain-and-firework displays at Versailles, concerts of old music in the Orangerie at Sceaux, and so on, serve to remind us what a chance we have missed for really imaginative use of the Tower of London, Greenwich Palace and so on.

In one way at least Paris's jamboree shows a close parallel with our own. Newspapers have gone up in price; so have postage rates; and the *Métro*; food in particular is ruinously expensive, and there is no appeal to the authorities as there was when that problem arose on the South Bank. Still, a festival is a festival; and perhaps by the time the *Trimillénaire* comes along things may be a little better.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

An American in Paris—Murder Inc.

HERE are in *An American in Paris* (Director: VINCENTE MINNELLI) many of the qualities that made *On the Town* so outstandingly good; the only trouble being that it isn't so homogeneously light-hearted, so continuously developing in its effect. It sometimes suffers from plot, tenuous though the thread of plot is; there positively seems to be an idea that some people will want to take the plot seriously, and worry about and feel real sympathy for the motives of the characters. Its best passages, and they are very good indeed, are those conceived in the style that *On the Town* was able to stick to almost throughout: scenes of dancing in which everything may be in subtly rhythmic motion, including (and most important) the camera. The best scene, in fact, is the one that does very much what the earlier film did at a similar point near the end: a dance by GENE KELLY against (and among) brilliantly changing designs that as it were recalls and sums up what has been happening in the story. This is beautifully worked out from the first moment when the shreds of paper and streamers begin to stir in the evening wind to the last moment of dramatic reunion; what I rather

regret is the thought that some, at least, of the audience are assumed to be really anxious about this reunion and to be waiting more or less impatiently through the irrelevant ballet for the greater satisfaction of seeing it. But this is a minor objection that will not occur to most people or spoil anybody's enjoyment. The story, for what it is worth, presents GENE KELLY as an artist (ah, Paris!—whither he came in the footsteps of "Utrillo, Lautrec and Rouault") in love with LESLIE CARON as "a little shop-girl" (ah, Paris!—but at least they don't call her a midinette) and somewhat bothered by a wealthy, amorous but decorative oil heiress (NINA FOCH) who wants to finance him. Incidental delights are many. There is a splendid gold-and-black day-dream scene for OSCAR LEVANT (hero's pawky friend) which shows him not merely playing the piano in a concerto—all the music is Gershwin, of course—but also conducting it, doing everything in the orchestra, and applauding from a box; and Mlle. CARON, a dancer in the Vera-Ellen class, is catered for accordingly by the choreographer (Mr. KELLY himself) and the designers. A miscellaneous but highly enjoyable piece.

Murder Inc. (Director: BRETAGNE WINDUST) is founded on fact: not many years ago there really was in the U.S. (you may remember) a horrifying organization that undertook for a price to murder anybody, and this film gives a first-rate account of the way it worked. We know of old the crime



[*An American in Paris*
Manhattan in Montmartre
Jerry Mulligan—GENE KELLY; Lise—LESLIE CARON

story in which a diabolical mastermind runs a prodigious racket from the other end of a telephone and is never seen by anybody until the law catches up with him, but here the whole set-up is presented so well that it seems fresh and convincingly dreadful. HUMPHREY BOGART is the Assistant D.A. who fights it, and since he has taken four years to build up his case much of the story is told in flashback; that irritates some people (not me—I don't understand this on-principle objection to the flashback as such). But the formidable details of the organization's routine are excellently shown, with much credibly human (and sub-human) small-part playing and even some uneasy comedy. Absorbing, exciting and with little of the brutality that so often disfigures films of this kind.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, *Four in a Jeep* (20/6/51) is in its last days. So is the excellent Ealing comedy *The Man in the White Suit* (22/8/51); but there's a first-rate new one, *People Will Talk*.

One very good and enjoyable new release: *No Highway* (15/8/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



Airlift

"Big Babe" Lazich—ZERO MOSTEL
Martin Ferguson—HUMPHREY BOGART

[*Murder Inc.*

SNAX AT JAX

IV

"JACK," called the window cleaner, from the corner table, "you want to get that lettering done up or get it off. That on the window."

"What's that, then?" asked Jack, carefully marking up the Special on the slate.

"Now you've had the front done," urged the window cleaner. "It's not what you might call toney, with that. Them porcelain letters. Makes it very dodgy, too," he went on, "when you're on the job. Have it off for you, quite nice, in a jiff or so, when I do the windows."

"I getcha," said Jack thoughtfully, touching up the word "Cauli" — "ya, I'm wiv you."

"Make more of a classy job of it," went on the window cleaner, "what with the front done up, new, in green."

"I think you're right there, Wal," said Jack. "Ya. Funny, Else was on about it a bit ago. What with? Chisel, you'd want?"

"Yerss," said the window cleaner, "you just want to ease them up, off at the edge. More *lever* them. Sometimes you get them just *come* off."

"I'll tell you another thing you want," said the gasman. "What you want is a few nice mags. Nice having a bit of a read, lunch hours."

Jack went behind for a chisel.

"No," said the gasman, "he does want some mags, though. Dinner times specially."

"Must've been on for years," said the window cleaner, "that lettering. Got to go some time."

"Make it a bit brighter," said the gasman. "No one to talk to, hardly, some dinner hours."

The window cleaner popped out suddenly, and stood his short pointed ladder with the padded top against the window.

"No bother," he went on, popping back in. "Just a chisel."

"Another thing to brighten it up here," said the gasman. "You know them fluorescent lights? Go in the ceiling? Be a bit better."

"Wal!" came Jack's voice from the back. "Paint scraper!"

"Be lovely," called the window cleaner. "That water I was having?"

"Coming up," bawled Jack.

"Hot weather it's nice cold," explained the window cleaner. "When it gets winter, though, you want a bit of warm. Saves your hands."

The gasman examined a slice of radish critically as though it were a defective shilling.

"Frozen food too," he resumed. "Get that anywhere now. He could do a line in that. But no. See old Jack!"

Jack came in with the window cleaner's bucket of water and the paint scraper. He dumped the bucket with a rattling clang, and handed over the scraper.

"You will watch it," he said, "won't you? Eh?"

"There's nothing in it, mate," said the window cleaner cheerfully. "Like our front room. Off we go, then."

He made his businesslike way outside.

"No," said Jack to the gasman, "it *will* look better with them off."

The gasman assembled the slices of radish for rejection and laid down his cutlery.

"You got any of that mince tart for afters, then, Jack?" he asked.

Jack deftly served it, to the accompaniment of chipping from outside.

The chipping continued, and the gasman progressed through his

sweet. Jack began catching up on the washing up.

"Old Else last night," he remarked. "All night long it was cough, cough, cough, cough, cough."

"Funny, that," said the gasman thoughtfully. "Must be the dust." The chipping stopped and the window cleaner came awkwardly in.

"Jack," he said simply, "I've cracked it."

There was a moment's pause.

"Well," said Jack grimly. "That's it. They can ruddy drop off now. I always said, you start with one thing, then it's something else, then something else."

The gasman shook his head.

"No," he said moderately, "just a few mags you want."

"Trouble with improvements," said Jack moodily, "it's all money. Now it's a new window."

"Now what *would* be nice *there*," said the window cleaner tentatively, "is one of them curved ones. Seem they're not there. You know."

Jack, to his credit, maintained a rather difficult silence.

Punch Festival Exhibition

The Punch Room and an Exhibition of recent original drawings are on view to readers at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, on any WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.



FOOTNOTE WEARY

"WHEN Jo Weidin, of Austria, a crimson-splashed Cyclops* raised Jack Gardner's hand at the end of fifteen bitter, bloodstained rounds . . ." It was with these words and with this asterisk that an article began a few months ago on the back page of the *Daily Express*. At first I tried to sweep the asterisk away with my fish-knife (there were kippers for breakfast); then I tried to blow it back into flight. Finally I recognized it and decided that it could only be some meaningless accidental or grace note, some typesetter's slip.

I read to the bottom of the column, removed two small bones from the roof of my mouth, and saw to my surprise that the asterisk was repeated. Alongside it were the words: "In Greek mythology one of a race of one-eyed giants."

Now I am of course perfectly familiar with footnotes; in fact I was almost brought up on footnotes, addenda, corrigenda and economics. In my student days I had a way with footnotes: I used to read those in Adam Smith, Ricardo, Marshall, Taussig and Co. first—that is, before I read the text

to which they referred—and I can't say I ever regretted it. Having cleared away the deposit of tight type at the foot of a page I usually found the lighter layers *supra* perfectly plain sailing. In the ten- or eleven-point stuff I was as nippy as a chartered accountant among the petty-cash columns.

I am now getting rather too old for footnotes, but I have never entirely lost interest in them. Anyway, for several months I have been reading the papers very carefully, always on the look-out for an asterisk. And I have not been disappointed, as this short extract from my collection of recent footnotes will indicate.

* **Glockenspiel**—a percussion instrument consisting of a series of metal bars tuned to the chromatic scale and played with two hammers. (This I found at the foot of an article by Sefton Parton on Harold Gimblett of Somerset.)

* **Icosahedral**—having twenty faces. (From a piece by Sacheverell Farley on "The Twenty Best Books of 1903.")

* **Domesday Book**—an ancient record of the lands of England prepared for William the Conqueror. It gives a census-like description of the realm . . . (From an article on Destremau, the French lawn-tennis star.)

* **Falling Wedge**—a wedge driven into the kerf of a tree so as to direct its fall. (From a report on the Truman-MacArthur affair by Neville Broom.)

* **Copper Sulphate**—a chemical compound, white when anhydrous, but commonly encountered as $\text{CuSO}_4 \cdot 5\text{H}_2\text{O}$ when it takes the form of blue crystals. They are used in calico printing and dyeing, in the manufacture of germicides, etc. (From an article on the Oxford v. Cambridge match at Lord's.)

But I am still puzzled. What are the three-ha'penny dailies up to? Are they trying to make the British public asterisk-conscious, and if so, why? Is there some move afoot to implement the provisions of the Education Act of 1870? Or is there some simpler explanation?

I think perhaps there may be.

Let us suppose that a sub-editor is confronted by an article measuring, say, eleven inches and by thirteen column-inches of space. What can he do? He can either fill up with a saucy rejoinder or two from the day's petty sessions ("My wife called me a worm, so I decided to turn," said a man at Willesden Magistrates' Court . . .) or, and this is the point, he can slip in a few asterisks and footnotes. By this latter device any article or news item can be made to fit snugly into its allotted column-inches. A mere inch of text—

"Beneath the plane trees of the Champs-Élysées this morning they were putting up rows of rough wooden hoardings which, in the morning, are going to be plastered with screaming political manifestoes"—plus a few asterisks (*, **, ***, ****) and footnotes:

* **Plane trees**—tall spreading trees of genus *Platanus* with broad angular palmately-lobed leaves.

** **Champs-Élysées**—literally Elysian fields; an avenue in Paris celebrated for its beauty.

*** **Hoardings**—fences of boards often used for posting bills.

**** **Manifestoes**—public declarations of policy by active groups of reformers.

—can be stretched to almost any length. Already we have extracted almost another quarto from the pint pot and we have not yet asterisked "beneath," "trees," "afternoon," "morning," "political" or any of the definite articles or prepositions.

The more I think about it the more certain I am that this explanation is the correct one. The idea may not even be new: it may have been tried out years ago in the textbooks, and I may have wasted the best years of my life reading the footnote fill-ups of Adam Smith, Ricardo*, Marshall, Taussig and Co. After all, they were economists**.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

* Ricardo, David—English political economist (1772-1823).

** Economists—in English mythology, members of a race of one-eyed students of political and economic theory.







"It's receiving the cheque at the cinema that worries me."

SO YOU WANT TO BE A CRICKET-JOURNALIST

FIRST, you require a thorough understanding of the art of batting. Off what balls should a batsman attempt to score?

I cannot think of any. He might, perhaps, open his shoulders to a no-ball.

None others?

What others are there? He must never nibble at anything outside the off-stump. He must never be tempted by anything wide of the leg-stump. And what more suicidal than to try a scoring shot in front of the wicket!

But a long-hop or a full-toss?

Cunningly-baited traps, both of them. In each case a classic defensive stroke is indicated.

You appear to have mastered the rudiments of batting. What would you say of a batsman who ignored these rules?

That he was recklessly throwing his wicket away. But supposing he played with tireless patience, and by his sound defence in a crisis ensured a draw?

I should have no alternative but to say that he had killed all interest in the game by a stodgy and unenterprising display, when if only he had attacked the bowling a definite result might have been obtained.

I find your answers so far show a shrewd knowledge of the game. Let us now turn to bowling. What is the first duty of a bowler?

To bowl with the fire and the great heart of a

Maurice Tate, attacking the stumps all the time and forcing the batsman to—

Think again.

I beg your pardon. To close up one end. To keep down the runs with a great spell of defensive bowling.

What is your opinion of defensive bowling?

It slows down the play. It is contrary to the true spirit of the game. It is not to be wondered at that counties complain their gates are falling off.

Now to personalities. What did Hobbs and Sutcliffe do?

They stole cheeky singles.

What was Woolley's method of scoring?

He leaned gracefully against the ball and it sped to the boundary.

Describe Hammond.

Majestic.

Good! Tell me, now, what does a batsman do when he scores a century?

He does many things. Primarily, he gives the selectors a hint.

What else?

He shows up the limitations of the attack. He tames the bowling. He wins golden opinions. He finds his form. He makes merry.

How is he dropped?

Expensively.

What are the boulders doing while he is putting together his mammoth score?

They are toiling and spinning.

And the fielders?

Leather-hunting.

How does a captain declare?

He applies the closure.

And what does the rival captain do in such circumstances?

He refuses to accept the challenge.

What is your judgment on any Test team before the match?

The selectors have done a good job. They have shown imagination in picking what is undoubtedly our strongest XI.

And after the match?

Drastic changes must be made. The selectors must acknowledge their errors and make a clean sweep.

Discuss the inclusion of a youthful player in a Test team.

It is a grave mistake to throw a young player of promise into the grim atmosphere of big cricket before he is ready for it.

And the exclusion of such a player?

Utterly incomprehensible. Our policy should be to build for the future and "blood" our youngsters as early as possible.

With reference to a Test Match, what are our eve-of-Test prospects?

They are bright.

Kindly give your expert forecast.

Much will depend on the state of the wicket. Winning the toss may also prove an important factor. It must be England's strategy, if we win the toss, to pile up a big score and then dismiss our opponents cheaply. If we lose the toss, our tactics must be to dismiss our opponents cheaply and then pile up a big score. If we exceed our opponents' total in both innings, then I think we can win. If, on the other hand—

Thank you, you need not continue. Would you care to say something about the effect of rain on the pitch?

The pitch was treacherous after rain, and took any amount of spin. Balls popped, or kept disconcertingly low. What a harvest our own bowlers would have reaped on such a pitch!

That, of course, is when we are batting. Let us now suppose that we are in the field.

Oh, the rain has rendered the pitch dead and lifeless.

I am pleased to inform you, sir, that you pass with honours.

Thank you. May we even say, sir, that I have given a hint to the editors?

COLIN HOWARD

BACK ROOM JOYS

Scientific Wonders

"REMARKABLE, this new jet . . .
Nine turbo-props . . . easily the fastest yet . . ."
"See what this German fellow's found out about bees? . . ."
"Sciatica . . . cold-treatment . . . some sort of local deep-freeze. . . ."

On we blunder,
Vacuum-eyed with wonder,
Rapt in a large mental "ooh!"
Watching the magician, but being the magician too—
Aren't we using the appropriate jargon?—
And alert, we feel, intelligently keeping abreast;
Even, sometimes, perhaps just a trifle ahead of the rest.
". . . At very high pressures of course. Some gas such as argon . . ."

It's always a very high something, a large rounded figure—
"Eight hundred and fifty an hour, across the North Pole.

Impressive, you know. . . ."

So are we, grown vicariously bigger,
With Nature and Progress and things firmly under control.

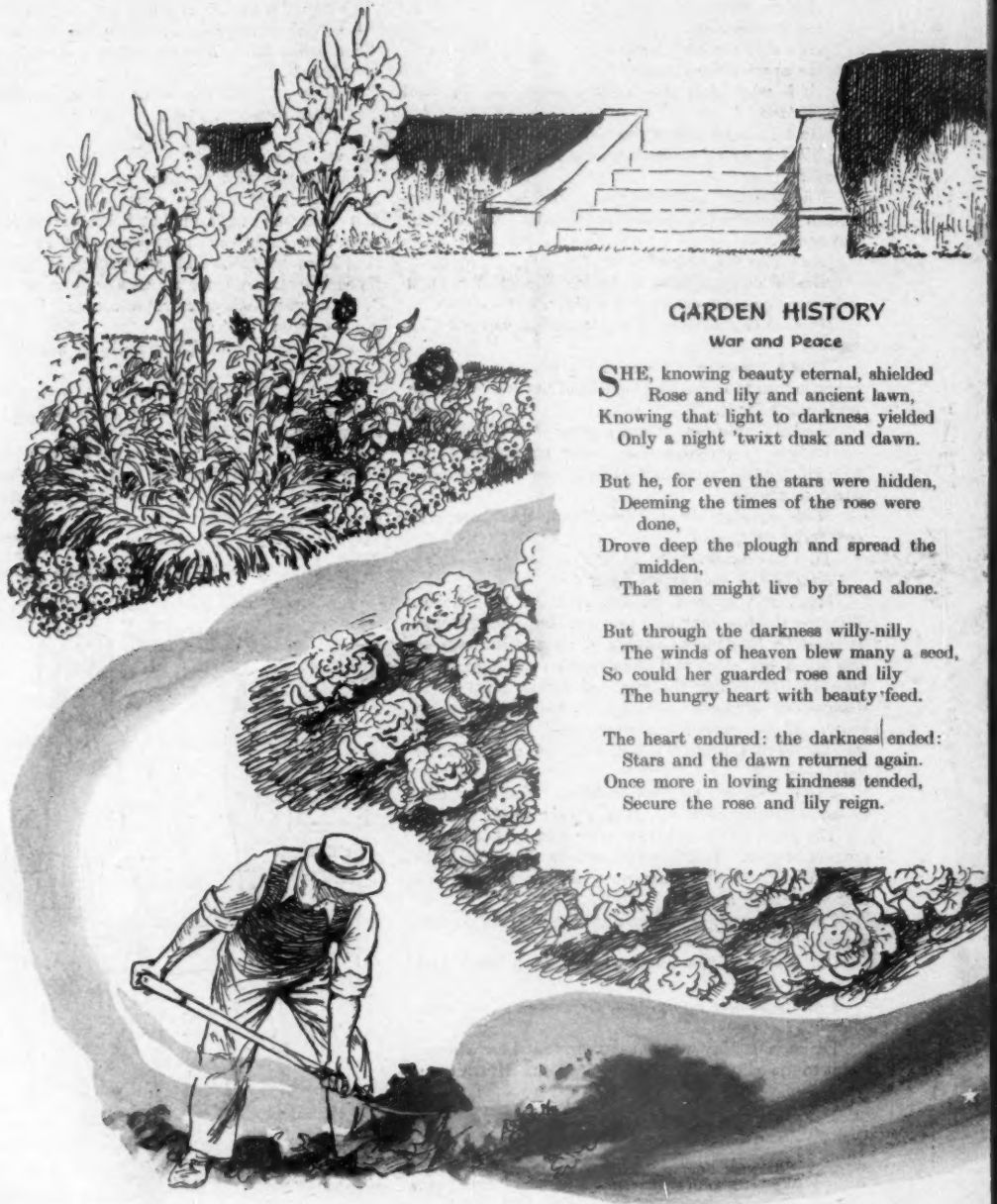
JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"I'll take this one—by the way,
d'you stock mouse-traps?"

"SPANISH FORBID SCANTY SWIM SUITS,
WHEN GRANDFATHER DIES SUDDENLY"
"New York Times"

Well, it's their country.



GARDEN HISTORY

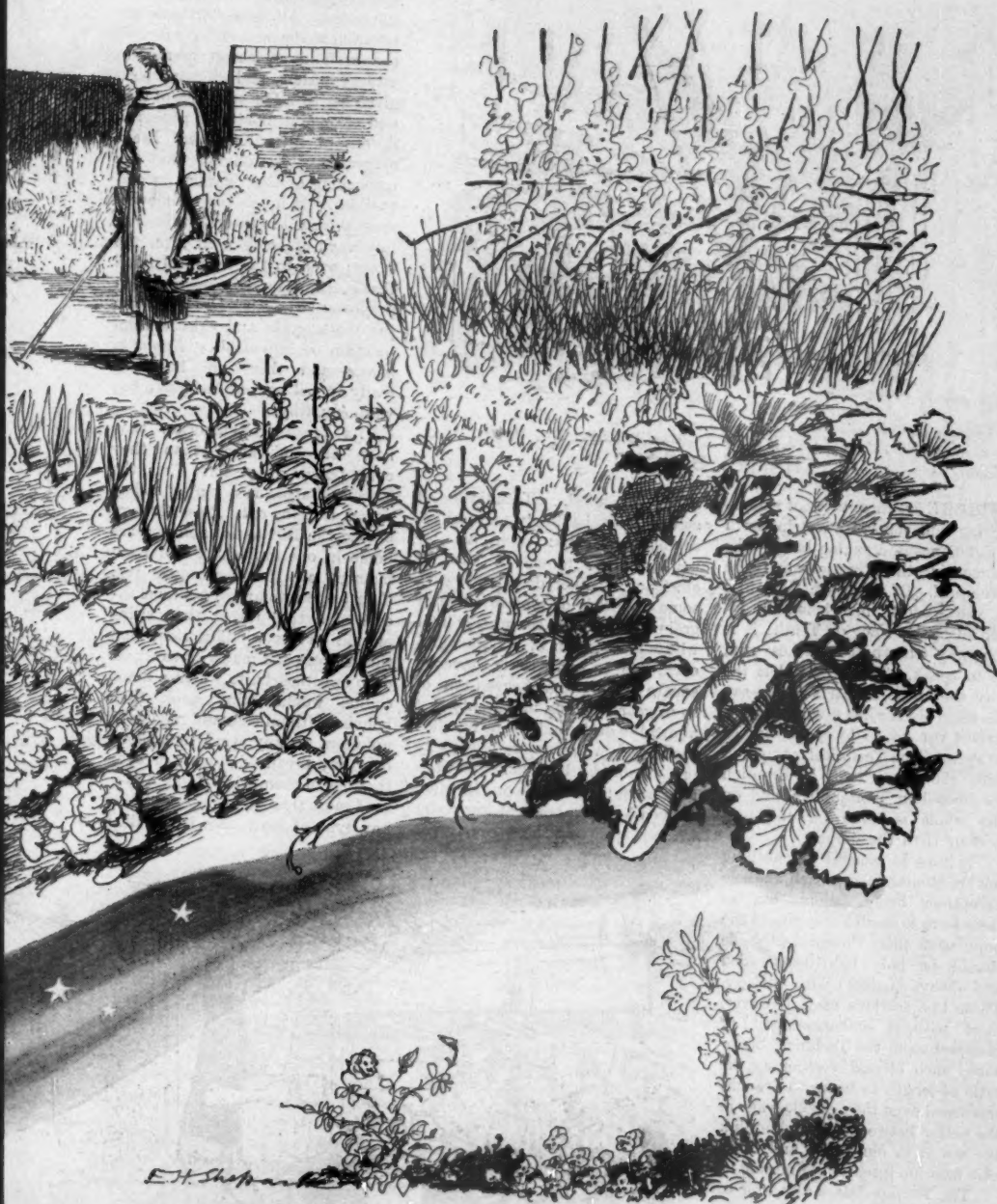
War and Peace

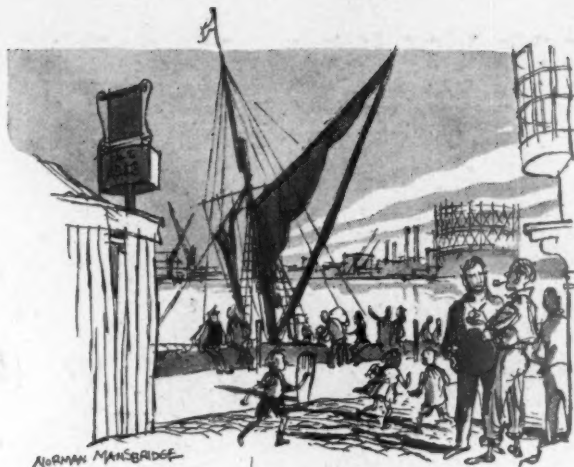
SHE, knowing beauty eternal, shielded
Rose and lily and ancient lawn,
Knowing that light to darkness yielded
Only a night 'twixt dusk and dawn.

But he, for even the stars were hidden,
Deeming the times of the rose were
done,
Drove deep the plough and spread the
midden,
That men might live by bread alone.

But through the darkness willy-nilly
The winds of heaven blew many a seed,
So could her guarded rose and lily
The hungry heart with beauty feed.

The heart endured: the darkness ended:
Stars and the dawn returned again.
Once more in loving kindness tended,
Secure the rose and lily reign.





THAMES BARGES

THERE are three ways of regarding and reporting a trip down the Thames in a sailing barge—the Romantic, the Practical and the Technical. Of these the Romantic is the easiest, not being inconvenienced by Fact or Truth; it is the way the barge strikes you, so to speak. The Practical is the way the barge or parts of it—say the main block when it whips over—strikes you *not* so to speak, but so to swear. The Technical, compared with the other two, is Emotion recollected in Tranquillity, and on the whole is more for the bar-parlour than the barge.

Britons in general use nothing but the Romantic approach, the sole exceptions being sailors; but as these form so small a minority of the population their Practical attitude should be only lightly obtruded and always qualified with apology. These two sections may, however, meet without embarrassment or interpreters in the Technical buffer zone; such eternal verities as the ratio of length to beam to draught transcend even the deep cleavage in the nation between those who think the sea is in our blood and those who have no intention of mixing it.

The Thames Barge as a type of ship must be unique in the opportunities it offers to all these three

habits of mind. Technically it solves, most bafflingly, several insoluble problems: such as, for instance, how to sail with equal efficiency whether deep-laden with some hundreds of tons of stone or grain or cement, or completely light without any form of ballast whatever; how to carry three thousand square feet of sail and seven tons or so of gear reaching up seventy feet above the deck, and yet be handled easily and in narrow waterways by one man and a boy, sometimes one man alone; how to sit on the often uneven bed of a creek at low water without springing the perfectly flat

bottom and so letting in even the very little water that might ruin the cargo. All these attributes are essential to the economic purpose of the craft as a cheap carrier in estuary waters, and all have been given her by a few centuries of trial and error and unlettered genius in dozens of little Kent and Essex shipyards. It is obvious that the reconciling of these various incompatibles, which has been achieved, must present the theorist with endless ways of being right after the event; even to the technical mind that is always more interesting than prophecy. The Thames Barge, like the motor-cycle and sidecar combination, is impossible. *Eppur si muove*—and there are hundreds ready to tell you, scientifically but variously, why.

As for the Romantics, they have all and more than they could possibly hope for. First, the Thames Barge, as a purely sailing vessel, is *dying out*. Raise this cry among the Romantics and you are home in one swift hop. Of what moment is it that the owners wish their cargoes to arrive (without the cost of a tug) rather than swing around on the windless tide; that the skippers and mates have wives, even sweethearts, to whom a diesel engine would bring back their bonnies with an ease and regularity unknown to any wind that blows over any ocean whatever; or even that few of them—the Romantics—shed more than the passing tear for any type of craft once it *has* died





out, as, e.g., triremes, hollowed logs or (practically) coracles. But catch a vessel still on its death-bed, and the sea in our blood majority rise as one man to fight the inevitable and the people directly concerned.

To this firm foundation for romance you add, in the case of Thames Barges, all the massive structure of London-River-appeal. The barges ply between and lie alongside the quite incredibly dirty, squalid and broken-down wharves of the Lower Thames, sail in the outstandingly dreary reaches of the Estuary and its environs and carry, exclusively, heartless cargoes like timber, oil-seeds, shingle, explosives and sand. This is the very stuff of Romance—the jutting spirt stark against the night-glow of London, the yellow light streaming from the noisy tavern across the jumbled scrap-iron on the wharf, where the ragged cockney children scream, to shine luridly on the red-tanned furled sails, to strike deeper the black shadows under the rotting wall and to gleam again, paler, on the glittering mud where the water laps and the flatsam swings on the making tide. Overhead the raw jib of a crane juts out . . .

But the Romantic reader knows all this. He knows too, that where there are barges there must be bargees; and even to mention that word, whether he has his W. W. Jacobs or not, is to set sounding whole chapters of pithy dialogue, shrewd philosophy, and picturesque cursing that—almost—disguises the hearts of gold and the sterling qualities of all River-folk. To all this must be added the very high degree of discomfort enjoyed in a real working unconverted sailing-barge, compared, for instance, with the smallest of small yachts, and there's your touch of toughness to perfect the sumptuous Romance-escape we have been sketching.

It may have been guessed that my own attitude inclines somewhat

towards the Practical; and this is indeed the case. The sailing Thames Barge, like all sailing vessels, is an economic anachronism, and there is no case for fostering it as a working ship. Fitted with an engine, using the sails as auxiliary power if the advantages of doing so outweigh the cost and effort involved, these craft have still a rôle to fulfil, carrying



heavy loads cheaply and where speed is not needed, in shallow tidal waters, to places not otherwise easily accessible; combining in one vessel the functions of a lighter and a coaster; and augmenting our strained transport system to the smaller ports and harbours of the South-East coast. For less utilitarian justification, they make the most admirable pleasure yachts; well converted, their vast holds, with good head-room, can form many, or roomy, cabins; the ease with which, for their size, they can be handled by a small crew is unique; they are cheap to buy (I have seen one advertised in highly complimentary terms for £800); and, owing to the stalwart workmanship of their hulls and the immense solidity of their gear, are comparatively cheap to maintain. Sailing them, moreover, is an art of its own, superficially easy, but in practice able to exact skill



and finesse that a lifetime is hardly enough to develop; and what other craft within reach of any but that equal anachronism the millionaire can provide the thrill of taking the helm of a vessel of a hundred tons weight and sixty feet length. a

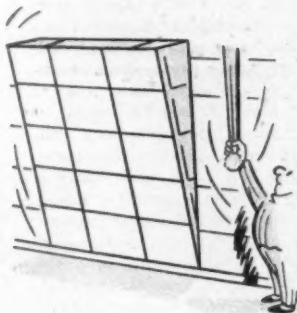
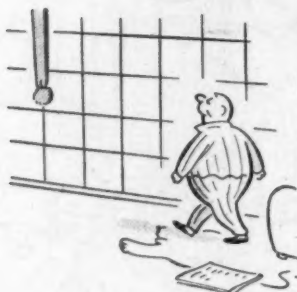


helm that brings a response as delicate as that of a small yacht but, for the unwary, with a delayed action that can cause you to foul as nice a buoy as may be found anywhere between Blackwall and the Nore.

I owe some of my more practical experience to a week-end Barge Sailing Club, in (I believe bargees say "on") whose tame barge, romantically devoid of any engine, we swept with the tide—though with sails set—from Greenwich to Greenhithe in a trifle of seven hours. The Club members and their guests, Romantics to a man (and three girls), dressed their parts, talked their parts, and, under a benign, old but incredibly quick-acting professional skipper, worked their parts with intense zeal and, literally, sleepless enthusiasm; prepared for, indeed, encouraging, any possible degree of hardship in their pursuit of London River, Thames Barges, ships, bargees and sailing.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

A HORRIBLE ADVENTURE



IT was a stifling day, but when the liftman repeated the name I had given him and embarked on a slow pantomime of puzzlement culminating in the traditional cap removal and head scratching, an icy hand gripped my heart.

"Yes, yes," I said. "I was told the third floor and ask for Mr. Sharpbrook."

I had been a fool to come.

The man looked at the ceiling of the lift and stroked his throat upwards with a faint rasp. "Sharpbrook," he said. "What's his firm?"

"I don't know."

He looked surprised. I found myself explaining that Sharpbrook was a friend of a friend of mine. I shouldn't know him if I saw him. I had merely been misguided enough to do a kindness for my friend. I had told him that it would be no trouble; I was going that way myself. If all I had to do was to go to the third floor and ask for—

"Try the end door," said the liftman. His voice was muffled. He was sinking from view, waving a vague arm.

The end door said LACE AND GUSSEBY, and a man in good-quality shirt sleeves was sitting inside, brewing some effervescent chemical in a tumbler. "Mr. Lace?" I said, smirking damply.

"Got a meeting," he said, not looking up. I felt that I had not his full attention.

"Mr. Gusserby," I said. "I'm sorry to—"

"Gone to Spain," said the man.

He drank the clouded draught, banged himself on the breastbone and appeared to sink in his chair with a slight guttural vibration. Then he looked up briskly.

"Now, then," he said. "My name's Chooley."

He listened quietly. Then he said that there had once been a man called Chawbrook in the building, but he had gone to Uganda. He, Chooley, had never heard of any Sharpbrook. "What's his firm?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "You see, he's only a friend of a—"

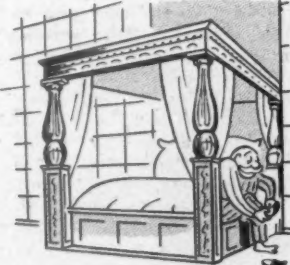
But the telephone rang. It seemed impolite to stay.

The corridor was deserted, and I was perusing one or two doors when a masterful woman in black came round the corner; *mutatis mutandis*, her physique was on the lines of Johnny Weissmuller's; she summed up the situation without a word from me and announced that I was in the wrong building. Everyone came to Sugsby House when they really wanted Sugsby Square House.

As I watched a door labelled GRAYVPOWDERS (1916) LIMITED slam behind her it struck me that this was exactly my kind of mistake.

The sun in the Square was blinding. The commissioner in the vestibule shadows of Sugsby Square House quite startled me, looming up like that.

"No, no," he said, when I told him where I was going—"not the



VOIVID
LINTON

third floor. Only one Mr. Sharpbrook. First floor. Soap."

"Soap?" I said. "Somehow I don't think—"

"Ask the gent," said the commissioner. He had been dialling a number on the house telephone, and now handed me the receiver.

"But I—"

"You've nothing to lose," he said.

"Sharpbrook," quacked the receiver impatiently. "Who's that?"

"Er," I said.

"Who?"

"No one you know," I said.

The commissioner took a pace towards me, releasing the pressure of his tight cloth collar.

"Look," I said. "You won't know me unless you know Tom, and even if you know Tom you won't know me. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure that I want you, really, as you're on the first floor. If you'd been on the third you'd have been expecting me. Are you?"

There was a hush at the other end, with breathing. Then he hung up.

"What's your friend's firm?" said the commissioner, looking at me sideways.

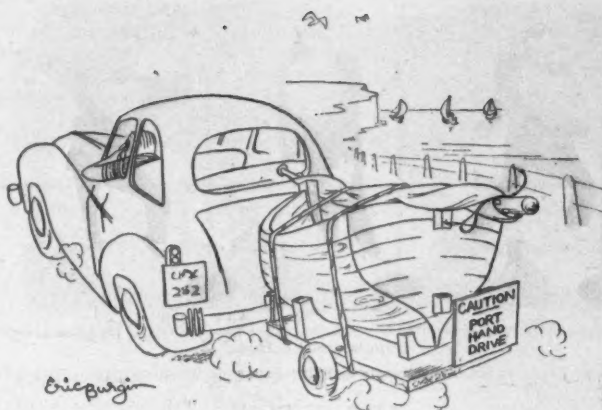
"I'll try the third floor all the same," I said evasively. "Where's the lift?"

Although his finger trembled his voice was controlled as he pointed after the retreating figure of a workman. "Follow him," he said.

I now saw that beyond the neat foyer the rest of the ground floor was undergoing reconstruction. Plaster filled the air. There were cries of "Wotcher done with the brace, Wally?" The workman turned sharp right, churning up sawdust. Pursuing, I found myself in the open air, between cliff-like buildings. I shouted after him, and foolishly put my question.

He said, with a deluding gleam of interest: "Not Charlie Sharpbrook used to keep the Feathers at Tiptree?"

The lift, when I finally found it, was full of shavings. A man who was sitting in it sharpening a carpenter's pencil made it clear that he only operated the lift under



protest. It was a big lift, and we stood as far away from each other as possible. At the third floor, when the crash of the gate opened up an avenue of escape, I put my question again. He said nothing, but descended with insolent deliberation, dragging his gaze down my front until it detached itself with a slight sound of suction from my toe-caps.

"Help you?" said a voice.

It belonged to a sandy-haired girl with glasses, who was leaning through an inquiry hatch, eating. Mustering the tattered remnants of my charm, I told her who I was looking for, and how I was to come to the third floor and ask for him. He was a friend of a friend of mine, I told her, and added quickly that I didn't know his firm.

"Mr. Ruck-ett!" called the girl over her shoulder, and disappeared.

Mr. Ruckett was young and earnest and his glasses were very thick. He was a great one for order. He wanted my name first, and it seemed wise to give it him. It was a long time before we got to the actual point.

"Sharpbrook, now," he said. "Is that it?"

"That's it," I said. "I was told to come to the third floor and ask for him. He's a friend of a friend of mine. I don't know his—"

"What's his firm?" said the man, thoughtfully.

Well. I suppose that as long as

I live I shall go hot with shame when I remember that moment. Mr. Ruckett had done nothing to me. Up to his rather prominent ears in plastic mouldings or milk substitutes or designs for almshouses, he had been prepared to extend the hand of friendship—to me, a perfectly strange nuisance, on a stifling August afternoon. And what did I do? Never mind. It was what I said as I let go of his lapels that shamed me. Then I ran.

My next recollection is of panting in a Sugsby Court doorway, swearing in a sort of waking delirium and wiping the steam from my glasses. When I put them on again a commissioner came into focus, with Sugsby Court House on his hat. There was one of those office indicator-boards beside him, with sliding In-Out panels. A name leapt out. ARNOLD STRAW SHARP-BROOK. And, in smaller print, OUT.

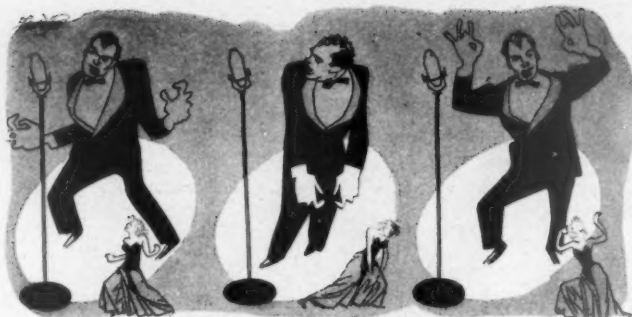
"Looking for someone?" said the commissioner, taking a pair of white gloves from his belt and wiping the back of his neck. "Friend of yours, is he? What's his—?"

But I was off again. Running, running. J. B. BOOTHBYD

Tight Squeeze

"Seventy-five children were lost during the day, and were returned to their parents through the loud-speaker."

"Sutton Times and Charn Mail"



Impressionist School

MR. TONY MARTIN and MISS FLORENCE DESMOND

[Palladium Variety

AT THE PLAY

Fires of Midsummer Eve (EMBASSY)—Variety (PALLADIUM)

ERMANN SUDER-MANN's play has a first act that is sultry and menacing, like thunderstorm-weather; a second in which the storm seems almost to be upon us and we wait with anxiety for the thunderclap; and a third which tails off in damp drizzle without anything particular having happened. That is the trouble with the piece: it is all smoke and no blaze, though admittedly the smoke can make some handsome patterns.

Marikke ("Just once did the midsummer fires burn high for me") and *Georg* are doomed lovers. She is a foundling, brought up on the Prussian-Lithuanian border (period 1838) by a wealthy landowner, though she is actually the child of a horrific crone. *Georg*, the landowner's nephew, is to marry *Marikke's* foster-sister. Yet it seems on Midsummer Eve that a wedding that has been arranged may not take place. Outside, the fires of pagan superstition are reddening the sky. Within, passions have risen. Surely *Marikke* will win her *Georg*? Her old mother steals: so can the daughter. Alas, all fizzles. *Georg* goes dutifully to church and the wrong woman; and the fires of midsummer have faded.

At least SUDERMANN offers actable parts. WILLIAM STIRLING

and ANTHONY SPRING RICE's translation is flexible. Much rests on the art of Miss YVONNE MITCHELL, the *Marikke*. She has a watchful intensity; in calm and storm she governs the stage: few actresses say so much in a look. Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE, the dark *Georg*, and Mr. NIGEL GREEN as the charming Prussian equivalent of a pale young curate, are properly in key. One is less sure of Mr. REGINALD DYSON (heavy father), who prefers to buffet the fellow. Miss LOUISE HAMPTON (the mother) exaggerates what is sometimes a pleasant knack of tossing away her lines as one might tip bread-crumbs to the birds. Here it sounds self-conscious. We seem to be eavesdropping.

At the Palladium a man in a white silk shirt and tights balanced on his head upon a kind of high plant-stand, meanwhile playing the smallest mouth-organ in the world, and accompanying himself on a ukulele in front of appreciative ranks of bandsmen in maroon dinner-jackets. That could happen only in a Variety programme. Again, it is only in Variety that a muscular gentleman, "a romantic singing star," is likely to offer in song a biography of the late Al Jolson, with the lines:

Like Churchill and Lincoln and Einstein,

My friend had a destiny to fill.

The vocalist, Mr. TONY MARTIN, fulfilled his Palladium destiny by singing, with much friendliness, a number of highly surprising lyrics. Personally, I preferred JACKIE's hand-balancing, especially the desperate moment when he was poised on a platform upon two cairns of toppling bricks. We had also Mr. PINKY LEE, a lob of spirits with flashing feet, some trying patter, and a gift for smash-and-grab raids on the xylophone. As a mimic Miss FLORENCE DESMOND is still a faithful recorder of screen and stage: it was pleasant to hear her sudden move into the husky hoot of Mr. Leslie Henson. And I liked the MACK TRIPLETS (EILEEN, CHARLOTTE, and LA VERNE), who sing in "close harmony," meaning that they huddle round the microphone as if it were a brazier in a cold snap. One day they will knock their heads together, but that will not stop them from singing "It's so ni-i-ce" in a protracted drawl. As a matter of interest, they are right: it is quite nice if they do not go on too long. They have a dangerous enthusiasm.

Recommended

His House in Order (New) for Pinero's craft and Sir Godfrey Tearle's playing; *Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo) for its salty dialogue; and a musical, *Gay's the Word* (Saville), for its truthful name and for the exuberance of Miss Cicely Courtneidge.

J. C. TREWIN



[Fires of Midsummer Eve

Bride and Gloom

Trude!—Miss ADRIENNE CORRI; *Georg von Hartwig*—Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE

MOTOR PATROL

WITH lighting-up time at nine, and the nights grown steadily longer,
And a cold wind in the mornings, I look back longingly upon
The time of the summer solstice, when the dusk seemed everlasting,
And a man could hold his breath while the darkness came and was gone.

I remember on Midsummer Eve at ten, when we drove from the station,
We barely needed the dash-lamp to write our messages by;
Everything on the ground was luminous with an hours-old rumour of daylight
And the elms dark against the timeless, starless pallor of the sky.

Always within speaking distance of the centre, part of a system,
Busy with the breaking of the law in its multiplicity of modes,
Moved by the invisible voice about the chequered chess-board of the county,
We drove as told through a night-long, lamp-lit labyrinth of roads:

Roads that were tunnels of light through haunted and breathless forests;
Roads that went clean into a wall of stars on the crest of the downs;
High-roads sleepless with the screeching wheels of night-long traffic;
Roman roads sweeping through sleeping country towns.

We carried sleepless suspicion through leagues of dreaming country;
The world hung in the solstice, but man went on his way
To theft, and accident, and loss, to violence and stealthy profit:
And Midsummer Eve at midnight turned to Midsummer Day.

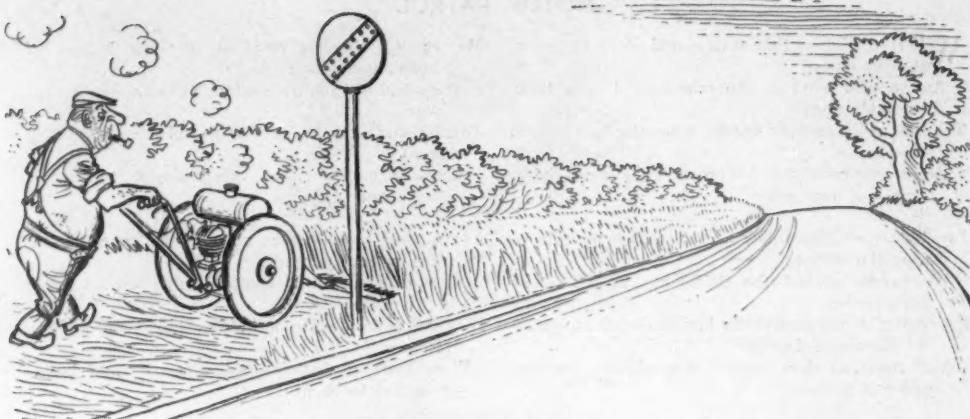
At two there was a break; we stretched, we eased our caps on our foreheads;
There was light, and company, and barrack-room talk over cups of tea.
Then out again into the dark of a windless Midsummer Morning,
When time all but stopped, and the tired brain struggled to be free:

Till suddenly a bird was singing where the mind postulated darkness,
And I found, raising my eyes from the dash-lamp's stupefying glare,
The trees taking shape on the farther slopes of the valley
And the grey hand of daylight eloquent everywhere.

That was the oddest of all. The oppression of darkness lifted,
And for two hours a shining solitude reigned instead:
Even when I left at six the sunlit streets were deserted:
Midsummer Day was a Sunday and everybody still in bed.

P. M. HUBBARD





NOMENCLATURE

THIS Belle Lettre makes a bee-line round the topic of Nomenclature. It is rather difficult to say why—perhaps because I am attracted by the feeling that I am unlikely to exhaust the subject, always a painful thing to happen when one is in the throes of composition. Perhaps it is the chance of using a four-syllabled word in print; one does not want to get type-cast as monosyllabic, like poor Mr. Hemingway. If used at all, prose is inevitable. If one worked it into verse, one would never be certain that readers were scanning it right, and this elegant periodical would not care for a poem with the scansion inserted over the top, despite the example of so well-thought-of a poet as Hopkins of Balliol.

Before a thing has a name it is included in such vague classes as Thingumajig. There must have been a lot of confusion and pointing in the Garden of Eden before Adam and Eve got down to labelling. "What can one call this, Addie?" Eve would say, holding up a wombat or a duck-billed platypus. In that optimum environment, one or other was usually on form and a good name forthcame; but there were lapses, such as the self-consciously observant "Long-tailed tit" or the dull, ambiguous "Skate." To-day, when conditions differ in many ways from those in Eden, nomenclature is much subject to scientists, who usually take names from Greek or Latin, perhaps as a compensation for not having been on the Classical Side at School. Inferiority complexes take curious forms, and some kind of complex must be responsible for names like "Dichlor-diphenyl-trichlorethane." It is true that in practice this is called "D.D.T."; but in the past nobody was driven to saying "M.O.P." when they meant "Mother of Pearl."

It is by happy shots rather than by hard and systematic thought that the best names are found. "Old Man's Beard," "Irlams-o'-th'-Height" and "Waffles" do not smell of the lamp, at least the best waffles don't. When Mr. Gilbert Frankau named the Zip-fastener, an

exciting incident mentioned in his autobiography but passed over by my edition of the Oxford Dictionary, he was not immediately aware that he had done so. The exclamation came naturally to his lips while he manipulated the device, and it was a bystander who pointed out that a feat of nomenclature had, in fact, been performed.

Accuracy is essential. It must have been a loose thinker who named gate-legged tables. Some points at which the implied comparison breaks down are that the alleged gates in tables have no notices deterring Hawkers and Circulars, lack self-closing springs and are more useful open than shut. Another instance of slapdash nomenclature is the "whatnot": I need not labour the logical fallacies involved.

When naming children it is important to look ahead and consider what the name will look like when knighted. One might indulgently fasten the name "Sonny" on the wee mite; but years later the words "Arise, Sir Sonny" or even "Arise, Sir Sunny" would accord ill with the gravity of the occasion. The same objection applies to "Buster." A wider choice is possible with female children, though Dame Charity sounds like something out of Folklore and Dame Fifi sounds unlikely to have a lifetime of Public Service to her credit.

The Nomenclature of Companies is a tricky business indeed. Shall we, the Board wonder at their first coming together, reveal what we actually do or shall we screen it behind something inscrutable like Hardworthy, Black, Oppenheimer Junior and Triggs? Some Companies work dates into their titles, and others places. Football teams, which are often unexpectedly Companies, as are ancestral estates, call themselves by the most flowery names and even get people to call them by them. Good intentions worked into the name of a Company may suggest that it is really a charity and thus in a favourable position versus Income Tax. This is a vast field, and even Mr. Linell, whose *Law of*

Names I rarely have at my elbow, he not having given me a complimentary copy, has ploughed but a tithe of it.

Thinking of names for new states has been quite a specialized occupation this century. It was fortunate that the peacemakers of Versailles had so fertile a littérateur as Mr. Harold Nicolson in attendance. It is believed that modesty alone has prevented his claiming such happy hits as Czechoslovakia, Albania and Latvia. It is also believed that the move to call Esthonia "The Lithuania of the Baltic" was balked by Mr. Nicolson, probably by the use of irony. This proposal had little to commend it apart from economy in the use of place-names, and economy, as Lord Curzon is believed to have been persuaded by Mr. Nicolson, can be carried to a point at which it becomes licence.

Stevenson says that no one with a name like Pym could ever have made the grade into the front rank. He thought he sounded more like a dentist than a political star. Modern research has done much to raise Pym's status and debase his reputation; but the point is still valid. Names do affect careers. No one remembers Smith. They remember F. E. and they remember Lord Birkenhead, but Smith, despite Chesterton's poem, is lost in limbo. If he had been called F. E. Birkenhead, he might well have been Prime Minister. It surprises me that a man called Grey could have been. Of course, he hitched himself firmly to the Reform Bill, which was really written by Lord John Russell at Streatham, and once it was out of the way Grey vanished and the Whigs changed over to the more brightly-named Melbourne. Perhaps, by choosing so neutral-tinted a leader, the wire-pullers hoped to persuade the public that reforms would not go beyond the bounds of comfort.

My only comment on Literary Nomenclature is that puns in the title never yet sold a book on Political Economy.

R. G. G. PRICE

O FEROX O SCIENTIA!

WHEN I went a-fishing, a-fishing in the river
With a fishing-rod, a licence, and a basket and
a book,

Anguilla latirostris, *thymallus vulgaris*,
And *salmo fario* were what I hoped to hook.

I footed through the meadows like a Ministry Inspector
With a bowler-hat, a brief-case, an umbrella and a
pen;

And *caltha palustris*, *ranunculus bulbosus*,
Bellis perennis made me very happy then.

I took with me my ration-book, the card for my identity,
My season-ticket, driving-licence, marriage-lines and
lunch;

Lepus europæus, *arvicola amphibius*,
And *equus caballus* were there to watch me munch.

I was in a sportive mood, the wind was in a sportive
mood,

All Nature was in sportive mood in Nature's sportive
way;

Argynnis (the lathonia), *vanessa polychloris*,
And *pyrameis cardui*—I watched them play.

I thought of queues and Question-time, and sandwiches
and shops,

Of escalators, tubes and typists, taxi-drivers, tips;
But *alauda arvensis*, *turdus merula*,
Columba *cenus* were the words upon my lips.

I cast my line and lingered, I lingered and I cast my line,
I lingered (if the truth be told) much longer than I
ought;

But *ulmus campestris*, *fagus sylvatica*,
Fraxinus excelsior were all I caught.



BOOKING OFFICE

Cloud, Sunshine and Storm



THE third volume of Mr. Quennell's selection from "London Labour and the London Poor" is called *Mayhew's Characters* and contains a number of Mayhew's reported interviews with vagrants, street traders and other members of the submerged class whose existence in the days of the Great Exhibition we tend to forget amid the bunting and congratulations of this anniversary year. In the previous volumes there were a number of these life-stories; but a whole book of them brings bulk to assist raciness of language and oddness of detail in creating a vivid picture of what it meant to be poor in nineteenth-century London. It is easy just to enjoy the book, to feel the period coming alive as the Restoration does in Pepys or the later eighteenth century in Boswell. The ruses of the Photographic Man, the trials of the Strolling Actor taken to prison from the penny gaff and forced to do his hard labour in the Cavalier costume he had worn for "Maria Marten," the highly-coloured experiences of the Returned Convict are so entertaining to read about that pity is almost completely overlaid by zest. Then a Watercress Girl and a Crippled Street Bird-seller describe so simply and inescapably the misery which is their whole environment and memory that the record becomes unbearably painful.

The social historian will of course find this selection as valuable as its predecessors. It is also worth the attention of the historian of language. (An annotated edition by Mr. Eric Partridge would be interesting.) Mayhew's skill in getting confidences and in putting

down the words of his informants does not quite avoid the imposition of an editorial tone. The accents are those of the London streets, but Mayhew's voice comes through. He was a man of strong genius and, though each informant speaks in his own way, there is a common denominator. It is simple enough to distinguish between Mayhew and the poor, and the advantage of having tedium and confusion reduced by the sub-editing of an expert journalist outweighs any slight reduction in verisimilitude. Of the three volumes this is likely to be the most popular.

Soon after Mayhew and his collaborators had followed Dickens into the underworld and described in sober detail what he saw in impressionistic flashes, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell entered a world he found not too comfortable, despite his easier circumstances. He suffered from the repressions of the family, from the bullying of nurses and the harshness of the Victorian attitude to youth. He got away. He went to seek his fortune in the West, came back to an England that was emerging from the fetters he had fled, and settled down as an author, *bon viveur* and creator of happiness. At ninety he has published another volume of his musings, *More from Methuselah*, a gentle chronicle of his home life, filled with comments on a world he finds difficult to understand but is anxious not to misjudge, and with occasional, but all too few, reminiscences of a past in which he is more at home. Judging from the correspondence to which he refers, many people have found him a helpful guide to the problem of growing old without fossilizing.

To readers whose old age is still some years ahead his book will not be of much relevance, unless, perhaps, they are professional students of gerontology. Personally, I rather grudged the space he spends on the present, which has been discussed with greater illumination by younger writers. I wish he had given more of the treasure that the old preserve for us, a contemporary knowledge of the past. Many things which he probably takes for granted would be of great interest to those too young to have known them at first hand. However, this book will appeal considerably to older readers, and no longer can anyone who is only a mere seventy or eighty complain that they are too old to enjoy life.

Mr. Ferenč Molnar is twenty years younger than Mr. Vachell; but he has gone through the long exile of the Central European intellectual. His life in Budapest is long over and in New York he has found shelter but not peace. *Companion in Exile* is devoted to preserving the memory of Wanda Bartha, his secretary and companion, whose sudden death nearly broke him. This very moving record was written as an attempt to preserve his sanity under the shock. It includes a good deal of autobiographical material presented in her long letters describing her life with him. Anyone who is interested in the theatre will find its gossip interesting. However, it is not primarily a book of reminiscences by a celebrity but a terrible study of the effects of death on those who survive.

R. G. G. PRICE



Dragons of Indo-China

A good travel-book is almost as rare as a dodo, but when one appears (such as *A Dragon Apparent*) it reveals an excitingly authentic world. Eastern countries are particularly difficult to paint significantly; the barriers of race and customs are immense—yet Mr. Norman Lewis, who flew to Saigon before it was too late to explore Indo-China, had enough wit and observation to overcome them. His journeys to Dalat, Ban Methuot, Central Annam, or to the Meo Country were unconventional, for they depended on transport, on the French, on the bandits, on superstition, and, apparently, on drink. However, Mr. Lewis got around, and if he landed in a place he hadn't intended to visit, it at least provided him with amusing material. As a result his book is packed with human side-lights. Most illuminating are his descriptions of the French plantations, of the legalized "slavery" (backed by an ironic show of social welfare), of the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere fostered by the bandits—Mr. Lewis spent an evening watching an attack on a French tower from the rebel side—and of the feudal behaviour of the overlords. One could have wished for more descriptions of how the French Foreign Legion behaved, since it contains a percentage of Hitler's ex-master race; but then one could wish for a good deal more of *A Dragon Apparent* as well.

R. K.

Christendom in the Melting-pot

Miss Dorothy Sayers' Festival Play, written for performance at Colchester, triumphs over the inherent difficulties of its theme but strikes one as somewhat frustrated by the self-imposed snags of its style. It is a chronicle-history, dealing with *The Emperor Constantine* from his youthful reappearance in the home of his deserted mother in Britain to his baptism in extremis twenty-one years later. The text is given without the cuts imposed by performance; and a preface apologizes for the (surprisingly few) liberties taken with history. King Coel's prophecies concerning his illustrious grandson cast an apposite Celtic twilight over the opening scene; but St. Helen's locution of a benevolent schoolmistress, the legionaries' Cockney and Constantine's "Any Questions" chairmanship of the Council of Nicaea probably need stage illusion to counteract their incongruity. The Council itself, however, and the barber's shop which gives it popular backing, are unflaggingly vivacious. It is not every suitor who can awaken, even with a rather disrespectful kiss, the Sleeping Beauty, Theology.

H. P. E.

Musical Recollections

The best chapters in Nicolas Nabokov's autobiography—*Old Friends and New Music*—are those containing his recollections of childhood in Tsarist Russia and his entertaining account of months spent as a young composer in Monte Carlo with Diaghileff

and the Ballets Russes, for whom he wrote the music of "Ode." In the vivid portrait drawn of him here Diaghileff appears as an inspired creator, evoking from the combined talents of his brilliant entourage the fabulous works of art which made of the Ballets Russes a legend; and the author has a lively story to tell of the toil, pangs, frustrations and sleepless nights which heralded the birth of each one of these creations. The rest of the book consists of personal accounts of famous Russian musicians—Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Koussevitzky and Shostakovitch—and the writer's impressions of his Soviet compatriots in Berlin in 1945-46. These chapters seem an oddly depressing reflection of the *émigré* mentality with its consuming need to justify itself to itself.

D. C. B.

New Lanark Again

Mr. Peter F. Drucker, who will be remembered in this country for his engagingly dramatic essay in popular economics, "The End of Economic Man" (published just before the war), believes—in *The New Society*—that the only immediate alternative to totalitarian tyranny is an industrial society based on "the autonomous enterprise and the autonomous plant community." The world is going mad, he says, because we are allowing mass-production technology to undermine established societies and to destroy democracy. We cannot do without mass-production, yet we cannot live with it unless we tame it, harness it with new social and political organizations. Democratic socialism



"Okay—I'll take the salute . . ."

of the British kind is not enough: "It is both frightening and pathetic to see how completely the British Labour Government . . . has in five years run through the entire intellectual capital of the Fabians that it took fifty years to amass." Mr. Drucker's idea is to decentralize the governmental function, to make every industrial unit self-governing (within a national system of controls), and to set the workers free to exercise their latent talent for active citizenship. It is a good idea at root: Robert Owen tried out a similar one about a hundred and forty years ago.

A. B. H.

Boxiana

While hardly one of the major sporting classics, *The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza* were well worth a new edition. The famous Jewish pugilist is amusingly sententious and self-complacent, but his straightforward narrative makes very real the world of the Fancy a little before the great days of Belcher and Cribb—when prize-fights, it seems, were often the culmination of personal animosities and conducted in the spirit which that implies. Not that Mendoza is concerned exclusively with his appearances in the ring: as an early exponent of scientific pugilism he ran a successful academy and he frequently exhibited his art on the stage. He also experimented with various other avocations, and, being as incapable of keeping money as he was fond of acquiring it, saw the inside of more than one debtors' prison. Now his story makes its reappearance as a handsome Batsford book, to the accompaniment of a score of admirable reproductions of contemporary prints and an introduction in the true Corinthian vein.

F. B.

Pastoral Symphony

In *African Morning* Mr. R. O. Hennings has assembled his recollections of early tours as a District Officer in Kenya between the wars; and a very enjoyable book they make. Mr. Hennings was lucky enough



to start his career among pastoral Nilo-Hamitic tribes, the Kamasia, Suk, Elgeyo and Marakwet—simple, courageous, independent peoples, and as beautiful as their names; but "backward." The pastoral tribesman feels no need for progress, and will not readily assume the trousers, the pork-pie hat, the bicycle and the bad manners which are the first-fruits of progress among so many other Kenya tribes. Mr. Hennings does not take sides in this matter; though the poet in him loves the dignified African native gentleman of the old order, the administrator must admit the inevitability of change. When Africans all wear ties and enter the professions this nostalgic book, with its many admirable photographs, will remain a pleasant memento of former ways, and a minor monument to a splendid Service.

B. A. Y.

"Do Not Cry Roast-Meat"

Traditional Recipes of the British Isles are very little use to the ordinary housewife to-day, because the whole merit of English cookery lay in its simplicity. The minimum of transmutation did the maximum of justice to the best materials in the world. As these materials vanished, the taste for French and Italian cookery prevailed. Meat could be used as a condiment, *all'italiana*; and the sauce with which the Frenchman avowed his readiness to eat his own grandmother disguised the senile texture of trawler-borne cod. Miss Nell Heaton's charmingly-produced book reads, nostalgically enough, like folk-lore; and it is compiled on the same principle, with a calendar of the chief feasts on which the local specialities were eaten. Different variants of cakes, pasties, bread and puddings are still possibilities; though the absence of butter and genuine lard, and the shortage of eggs, would have staggered our rude forefathers. Gingerbreads dodge these deficiencies best; and here they are many and various.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- Mayhew's Characters*. Edited by Peter Quennell. (William Kimber, 21/-)
More from Methuselah. Horace Annesley Vachell. (Hutchinson, 16/-)
Companion in Exile. Ferenc Molnar. (W. H. Allen, 15/-)
A Dragon Apparent. Norman Lewis. (Cape, 15/-)
The Emperor Constantine. Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancz, 8/6)
Old Friends and New Music. Nicolas Nabokov. (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6)
The New Society. Peter F. Drucker. (Heinemann, 15/-)
The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza. Edited with an Introduction by Paul Magriel. (Batsford, 18/-)
African Morning. R. O. Hennings. (Chatto and Windus, 18/-)
Traditional Recipes of the British Isles. Nell Heaton. With drawings by Berthold and Margaret Wolpe. (Faber, 18/6)

Other Recommended Books

- Music to My Ears*. Deems Taylor. (Home and Van Thal, 10/6) Racy essays in musical criticism for the non-technical reader, by the eminent American composer; as delightful for their humour as for their erudition.
Lilies in Her Garden Grew. Stephen Ransome. (Gollancz, 9/6) American whodunit with complicated plot, briskly and sardonically written by the author of *False Bounty* and *The Deadly Miss Ashley*.

A POLITE CALL

WHEN the curtain came down for the ninth time and stayed down, I closed my eyes and breathed a long, blissful sigh. All that remained now was to determine who owned the hat under my chair, persuade Cora that I had intended to give mine to the dustman anyway and start a bus-queue before the relations of the cast had recovered from their rapture.

But no. "Slip round—er—backstage," whispered Cora. "It's only polite to tell Mr. Humblestone what you thought of it. I'll meet you by this radiator."

I found Humblestone with difficulty, because the relations of the cast—jolly women with big handbags and nervous men with coats over their arms—were milling about all over the place. I struggled down the whitewashed passage leading from the O.P. side to the room where they keep the hymn-books, and tried a door with a cardboard star on it. Three jolly women and a basket of roses fell out, and the leading-lady, rising from a sea of flowers, snatched from my top pocket a pamphlet about thinning or receding hair, and autographed it before I could stop her. I accepted a glass of flat champagne, spilt it, and squeezed out backwards into the main body of relations. Edging sideways along the passage, I came to a door marked "Old Vic" in chalk. Inside this room was bedlam, and Humblestone.

I could see him in the mirror, smugly rubbing his face with cream. A number of jolly women were passing his deplorable crêpe-hair moustache about, and marvelling shrilly at the ingenuity of it. A powerful young lady, who obviously knew all about verse-drama, jumped up and down, and clapped her hands ecstatically. Five stage-managers in corduroy trousers were rolling Humblestone's gaudy costumes into manageable lumps on the floor, while a sixth laid on the dressing-table the various tributes that Humblestone had spilled on his triumphal march from the stage. One tribute, a set of cuff-links in a pill-box, curiously resembled a darts



"I can't remember the name but it brought me out in a warm glow all over."

prize Humblestone won last winter. Another, a crocheted duchess-set addressed to Babs, seemed to be a mistake.

Two other members of the cast, in funny beards, were chatting loftily with a group of adoring

colleagues from their office, chiefly about Gordon Craig. I recognized one as the unintelligible character in the first act who had flicked cigarette-ash through a closed window as to the manner born.

There were bottles of beer, tidy

heaps of programmes awaiting signature, a spaniel noisily eating a suede shoe, and a portable radio tuned to the Third Programme. No livelier theatrical event has been recorded since the London opening of *Oklahoma!*

A flushed matron with feathers in her hat kissed me on the cheek as I elbowed my way through the crush, and said she just adored my butler. "Madam," I said, "I have no butler." I reached Humblestone in time to hear him tell a sensible-looking girl, who ought to have known better, that he *had* thought of it as a career, but the commercialism of the West End had soured him. I tapped him on the shoulder, and he said he really couldn't be bothered with any more photographers at that hour of the night. I looked sternly into his mirror, and recognizing me at last he shook both my hands and said "Well, fancy *you* among the rogues and vagabonds, eh! Watch your step, now!" He passed me a towel and I wiped some of the grease off

my hands. "Not bad, eh?" he said, leaning back and squinting down the stem of a new pipe. "But just wait till you see *Twelfth Night* next January."

I hung the towel reverently on a gas-bracket. "If I'm spared," I said, "I wouldn't miss it for the world." And after an involuntary bow I fought my way thoughtfully out into the passage.

"No," I said to Cora as we squeezed into a telephone-booth to see about a taxi, "I didn't."

"Why ever not?" said Cora.

"There are activities in this life," I replied gravely, "which neither invite criticism, nor disarm it. They are beyond it."

"I'm glad to hear that, anyway," said Cora. "But you might at least have had the tact to wipe that lipstick off your face."

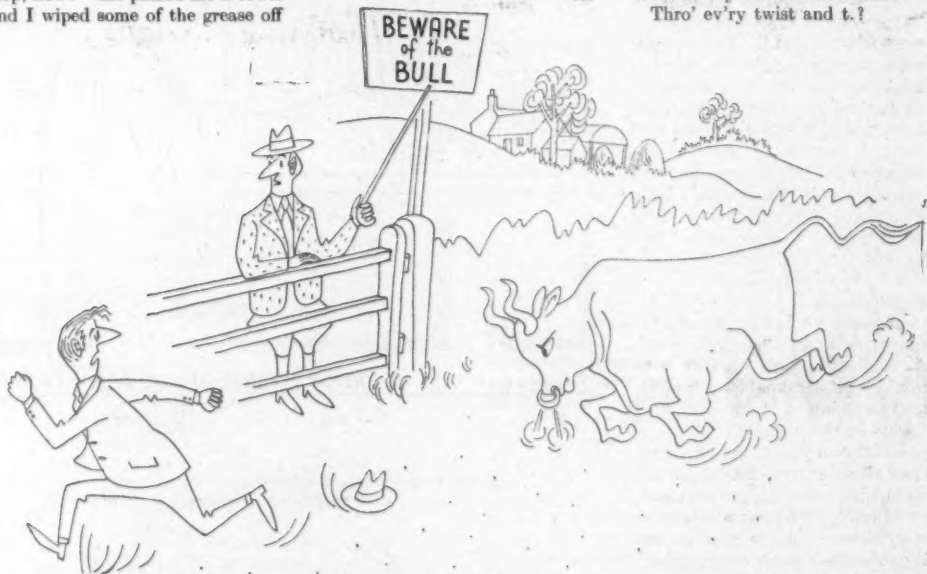
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LOVE GOES A-DRIVING

O who will thro' the tns. with me
O who will with me ride
Helped by A.A. and R.A.C.,
And routes that they provide?
O who will bear first lt. then rt.
By rly. over br.
By steep asc. (of 1 in 8)
To breast the topmost ridge?

O who will with me ride awhile
'Long A four seventy three
Where we will travel many a m.
Before we stop for tea
At some quaint, country P.H.
That nestles by the Ch.
Where bells the Sunday echoes rouse
Beneath the vane-cock's perch?

O who on roads unclas.
Will bear with pitch and tossing
While groaning springs, unpacified,
Resent each L.C.?
And when we reach the X Rds.,
there
Love's S.P. plain discerning,
Will she my life and sta. share
Thro' ev'ry twist and t.?



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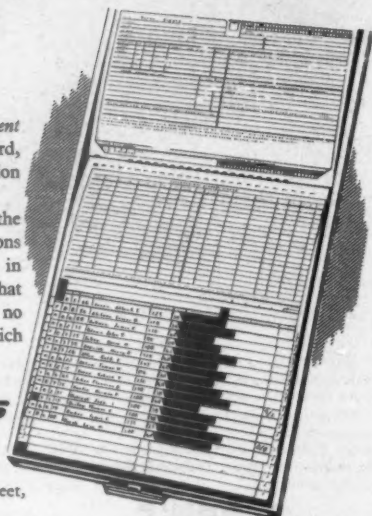
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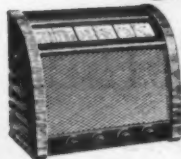
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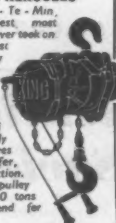


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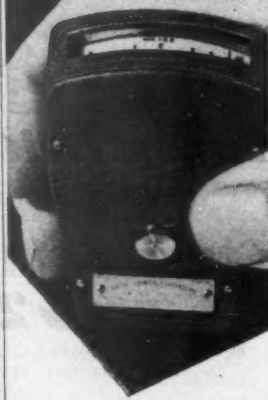
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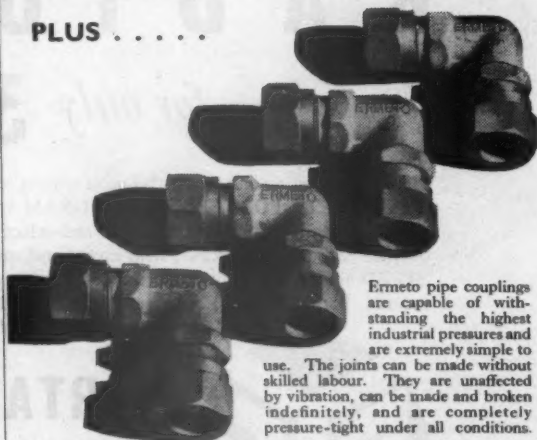
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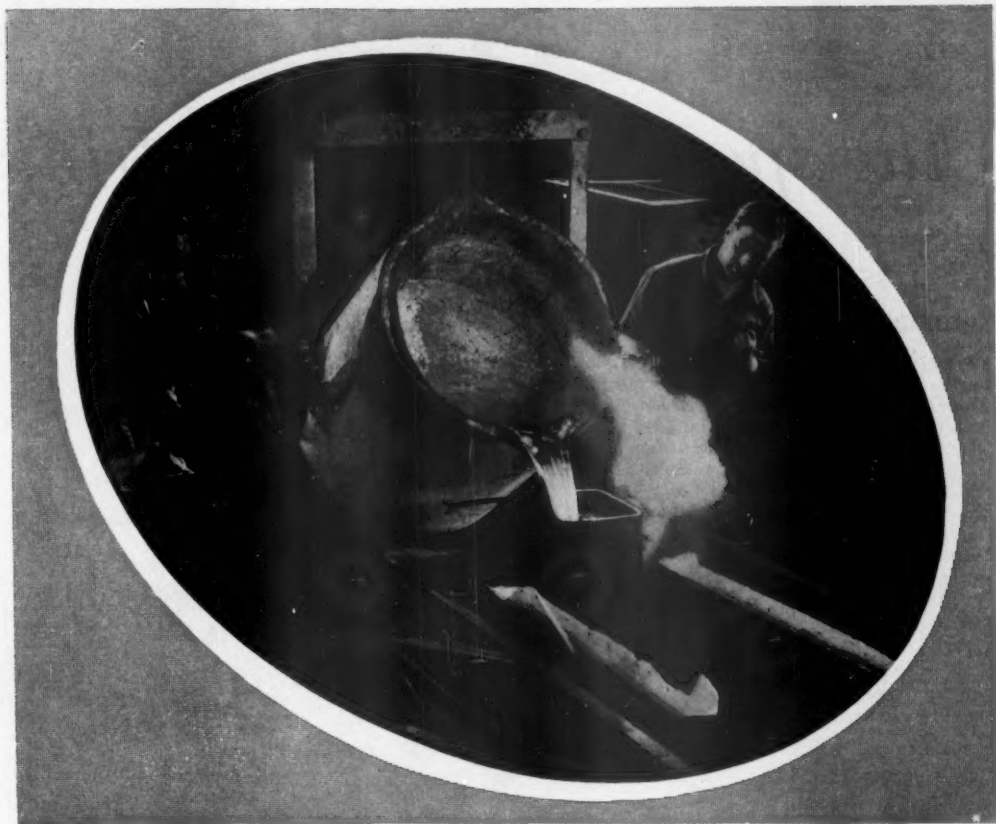
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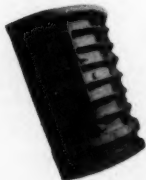
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